

THE ACROBATIC MUSE

R. K. MUNKITTRICK

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THE ACROBATIC MUSE

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RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK

THE
ACROBATIC MUSE



CHICAGO
WAY AND WILLIAMS
1897



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TO
CAMERON MUNKITTRICK

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Songs of Summer - - - - -	9
En Voyage - - - - -	25
To Miguel De Cervantes Saavadra - -	27
My Garden - - - - -	28
Winter Dusk - - - - -	31
The Vain Mountain - - - -	32
A Fireside Dream - - - - -	34
Unsatisfied Yearning - - - -	36
Under the Influence of Coffee - - -	37
A Legend - - - - -	39
To the Christmas Goose - - - -	41
A Critic's Complaint - - - -	46
What's in a Name? - - - - -	47
October - - - - - -	49

	PAGE
Ballade of the Rural Prospectus - -	51
To the Editor of Puck - - - -	53
My Pleasant Settle - - - - -	56
The M.D.'s Songful Soliloquy - -	59
A Flower Fancy - - - - -	62
"To Puck" - - - - -	63
To the Poet of the Garden - - -	65
Put to Sleep - - - - -	67
At Dewy Morn - - - - -	68
At Last - - - - -	71
At the Shrine - - - - -	73
Fame - - - - -	74
A Critic on Nature - - - - -	75
Ballade of the Declining Year - -	77
Dawn - - - - -	79
Reciprocity - - - - -	80
A Clergyman on June - - - - -	84
The Jolly Plumber - - - - -	86

CONTENTS.

7

PAGE

To a Certain Kind of Poet	- - -	91
An Old Beau	- - - - -	94
The Beetle	- - - - -	96
Ballade of the Tea Cigarette	- -	98
My Chickens	- - - - -	100
The Poets of Printing House Square	-	103
The Wunk	- - - - -	107
An Epitaph	- - - - -	109
Mastery	- - - - -	110
The Joys of Rural Life	- - -	111
In Defence of the Advertising Muse	- -	114
Strawberries	- - - - -	116
A Dirge	- - - - -	118
At 8:30 P. M.	- - - - -	120
But—	- - - - -	122
Through Garden and Meadow	- -	124
A Summer Memory	- - - - -	126
The Academic Kitchen	- - -	130

	PAGE
Sea Dreams in the City - - - -	135
A Rosary of Antique Gems - - - -	138
Ballade of Triumphant Time - - - -	143

IMITATIONS.

Morning - - - - -	147
Hollyhocks - - - - -	149
The Fruit Peddler - - - - -	151
To a Virtuous Vender - - - - -	153
To——At Campobello - - - - -	158
A Dog Day Jingle - - - - -	159
A Dream - - - - -	163
The Sun - - - - -	165
The Sleepy Day - - - - -	166
My Ship - - - - -	167

SONGS OF SUMMER.

I.

Oh, the Summer! Oh, the Summer! It
is here, a golden boon,
And the lily is besilvered by the tresses
of the moon.

Oh! the rosebud's fondly dreaming on
the dainty garden tree,
And the butterfly is drifting o'er the
meadow with the bee.

Oh! the fleecy cloudship's anchored in
the peaceful sapphire sky,
And the zephyr through the kitchen
steals across the cherry pie.

And the beer we gayly guzzle
As along the way we jog,
For the bloom is on the muzzle
And the muzzle's on the dog.

Oh, the Summer! Oh, the Summer! It
has come on pinions free,
And the populace is flying to the mountain and the sea.

Now the bathing suit is flapping like a
banner overhead,
Where the lemonade of commerce is a
symphony in red.

Oh! it's now upon the bluefish and the
lobster that we dine,
While Myrtila is cavorting like a siren in
the brine.

All the earth is perfume laden—
All the earth's a flower bed,
For the bloom is on the maiden
And the maiden's on the wed.

Oh, the Summer! Oh, the Summer! Now
the mermaid is employed
Doing up her hair in papers in her cave
of celluloid.

Now the Coney Island Sausage glows
within the carven bun
And the baseball player's sliding on his
nose to make a run.

Nature in her flowered tunic is serenely
beautiful,

While the horsefly knocks the glamour
off the visions of the bull.

And the locust like a rattail

File is rasping loud and flat,

For the bloom is on the cattail

And the cattail's on the cat.

Oh, the Summer! Oh, the Summer! 'tis
a season short and sweet;

'Tis a span of rippling sunshine from its
head unto its feet.

'Tis a time for golf and tennis, when the
orchards richly glow,

And the blazer brightly blazes on Susan-
na, don't you know?

When upon the fiz's bosom drifts a berry
red and ripe,

And we hear the birds with rapture in
the woodland madly pipe.

Then we know life's not a mock tale

As we drift, neath Fortune's star,

When the bloom is on the cocktail

And the cocktail's on the bar.

II.

Oh, the hot wave is a melter,
And it makes us swoon and swelter
While we hustle helter-skelter

Through the city's rat-tat-tat!
And the cambric handkerchieflet
Won't assuage our greasy grieflet,
Though assisted by the leaflet
Of the cabbage in the hat.

Oh, the hot wave now is booming,
And the atmosphere's simooming,
While old Sirius is looming,

And the ice man is on top.
While the perspiration's dropping
From the brows we're madly mopping—
On the ear the corn is popping
With a populist pop.

Oh, the poodle's melancholic,
And he cannot frisk and frolic,
For upon the parabolic
Now the lasso wildly tears.

And the vendor's shirt front sunders
While he eloquently thunders
Of the marvels and the wonders
Of his meretricious wares.

Now the vitreous mosquito,
With the bill no man can veto —
Yea, from Dan to Sausalito,
On our nasal's rapture pent —
Oh, this diabolic hummer,
Of a rumpty-tumpty tummer,
Simply means this is the summer
Of our disconcircusent.

Oh, we're yearning for the beaches,
Where the seagull wildly screeches,
And no bloated curbstone peaches
Full of typhoid wake our wrath.
Where the beaker, ripe and rosy,
Gilds each fancy like a posy,
And we make the waiter "mosey"
For a blooming aftermath.

Oh, it's while we thus are dreaming
Of the siren on us beaming,

And her golden ringlets gleaming
On the billow rolling high
That beneath the "incandescent,"
We perform the grind incessant
For the shekels evanescent,
To assure our daily pie.

III.

When the pie is on the fly,
And the fly is on the pie,
 Oh, the fairy
 Of the dairy
Doth the custard shyly shy
Down the counter with a movement
That is quite a great improvement
On the action of the waiter-man who
 makes your spirits droop
When he boomerangs the checklet till it
 circles in your soup.

Oh, she blossoms in a blush
 That's as lovely as the dawn
When she smiles upon the mush
 And the crullers and suppawn,
When she grabs the shining spoon
 And instanter, like a shot,
Stirs the unsuspecting prune
 And the guileless apricot.

Oh, she is a living dream
When she serves the red ice cream,
While the band discourses Wagner for
the highly cultured ear
And its owner makes the doughnut and
the baked bean disappear;
Oh, she hums a merry ditty while she
flips the blazing tart
Like a quoit across the counter with a
light and dainty art.
But she knows that indigestion
Is of time a simple question
With the man who eats those dishes by
machinery swiftly made;
But his soul doth she environ
With the songlet of the siren
And he daily doth the dairy in his reck-
lessness invade.

Oh, beware the sandwich siren
Who's a huckleberry pie-ren.
Avoid the mush
That with her blush

Is gaily gilded o'er,
Or you'll straightway
Through life's gateway
Fly unto the Golden Hence,
Where upon your happy harplet you will
suddenly commence
To discourse those merry measures so
mellifluently sweet
That accompanied the cruller which you
gulped on Nassau street —
While the fairy
Of the dairy
In a manner light and airy
Smiled a smile that fairly thrilled you
from your hatband to your feet.

IV.

Oh, the swish and the swash of the blue
summer sea

Is the music of music that ripples
through me.

Oh, I list to its saline soblet

As the blue gulls about me skim,

And I'm certain my mental goblet

Is full to the fragile brim,

As I flounder about on the crest of the
wave

While it rolls o'er the mermaiden's mus-
ical cave.

Oh, the wave with the symphony swirl
on it,

And the glamor of glimmering pearl
on it,

And the tresses of red

All attached to the head

Of the lithe Summer, blithe Summer girl
on it!

Oh, the cloudland I note
As I tumble and toss
On the billow afloat
Like the swift albatross;
On a fairyland shore
With red lilies abeam,
Amid houris galore
Do I linger and dream.

Of the bough with the blossom of pink
on it,
Of the twig with the gay bobolink on it,
And a fair witching face,
With its dimples of grace
And the bar with the ripe rosy drink on
it.

Oh, these are the visions that people my
brain
As I turn somersaults in the riotous sea,
As I caper about on the wind-rippled
main,
While I duck 'neath the shaft of the
swift stingaree.

Oh, I think of the city's sizzle
And the roast, and the fry, and the
frizzle,
With not a cool raindrop to drizzle;
Where the gin fiz is now a gin fizzle.

Aloft upon the breaker
I lose all sense of care
While I'm thumping,
And a-bumping
Most serenely here and there.
Out of happy dreams a waker
From the wave I now emerge,
And I listen to the rumpty
Tumpty tumpty
Of the surge.
And I make a line instant
For the arabesque decanter.
Yes, I fly on a straight Indian arrow line,
On a bee line, and not on a sparrow line;
And I gather the drink
From the plump, peachy pink
Little hand of my own little Caroline.

And it's then that I fly, like a gull, fancy
free,
To the table where glimmers the gem of
the sea.
Oh, it's there, with a heart full of joy, I
salaam
To the fish-ball's twin sister, the fragrant
fried clam.

V.

Now the billow's caracoling
 'Neath the cloudless Summer sky,
And upon the sand I'm rolling
 That I may not roast or fry,
And I note a gentle pathos on the throbbing,
 bobbing sea,
Where the devilled crab and fishball are
 disporting fancy free,
And the white sail in the distance in the
 sunshine brightly beams,
And the fairyland about me is a fairy-
 land of dreams;
Where the gull on happy winglet
 At the ocean makes a dip,
While his dingaling a linglet
 Madly ripples with a rip,
And he nabs the napping fishlet down
 his inner gull, to slip.

Like the clumsy armadillo
 I am dreaming on apace,

With my knuckles for a pillow
At my brainlet's second base.
Oh, my heels I'm gaily kicking in the air
in childish glee,
For these happy golden moments will
return no more to me.
They are fleeting, they are fitting to a
realm of yester-years.
Where the ghosts of youth are winging
on a sea of vanished beers;
And I'm in Joy's airy limbo,
Where I know a gracious host,
While the soft crab glows akimbo
On the bosom of the toast,
Which is just the sort of background
that it beautifies the most.

Oh, the shale is on the shingle,
And the shingle's on the shale,
And the bathers troop and mingle
Where the porpoise wags his tail,
And I'm in a seventh heaven, on the sand
so blazing hot,

For the clam is in the chowder, and the
chowder's in the pot;
And upon the sea of pleasure Fancy
spreads her glowing sail,
While the sea puss with a sea mew's on
the lobster's scarlet trail,
And my fingers like a rat trap
Do I close in fiendish glee
On the diabolic satrap
Of a bridled stingaree,
Which is all I know of Summer by the
margin of the sea.

EN VOYAGE.

In the shadows coldly flitting,
Solemn as the tomb,
Charon in his boat was sitting,
Wrapt in ashen gloom.

Through the gray shades softly groping
Round the shore he steered;
For a pilgrim fondly hoping,
In the mist he peered.

Soon a youth both tall and stately
Did the oarsman greet;
Said he was at Harvard lately,
As he took a seat.

Charon saw him sigh and shiver
On those murky shores,
While he pushed out in the river
And resumed his oars.

In the silence all unbroken,
Desolate, supreme,
Not a syllable was spoken —
All was like a dream.

Through the leagues of gray unending,
Still the pilgrim lone
At the oars watched Charon bending
For the great unknown.

Charon swaying backward, forward,
Onward urged his bark,
And was moving surely shoreward
O'er the current dark.

Then the pilgrim wan and weary,
Broke the mystic spell,
When his accents faint and dreary,
On the waters fell.

And to day 't is not known whether
Charon made reply,
When the student said: "You feather
Just a bit too high!"

TO MIGUEL DE CERVANTES
SAAVADRA.

A bluebird lives in yonder tree,
Likewise a little chickadee,
In two woodpecker's nests—rent free!

There, where the weeping willow weeps,
A dainty housewren sweetly cheeps —
From an old oriole's nest she peeps.
I see the English sparrow tilt
Upon the limb with sun begilt —
His nest an ancient swallow built.

So it was one of your old jests,
Eh, Mig. Cervantes, that attests
“There are no birds in last year's nests?”

NOTE.

ROXBURY, N. Y., August 10, 1883.

DEAR SIR: *Yours of the 2d has but just reached me. The bluebird often builds in the cavity of an old woodpecker's nest, so does the chickadee, so does the nuthatch. The housewren will sometimes fit up an old oriole's nest. The English sparrow will appropriate an old swallow's nest. I can think of no others just now. Truly yours,*
Mr. R. K. Munkittrick. JOHN BURROUGHS.

MY GARDEN.

I have twelve pretty garden beds
Where green things greenly blow;
Where, soldierlike, the cabbage heads
Are ranged in many a row;
Where radishes and sugar beets,
By pearly showers nurst,
With peas and other garden sweets
Upon my vision burst.

I often pause and fondly muse
Upon these sprouts galore;
But all the garden truck we use
I purchase at the store.

It's pleasant, in my slippered feet,
When smiles the rosy morn,
To linger at the garden seat
And watch the bannered corn;

To note within the rustling tree
The merry piping wrens,
And from my egg-plants, blowing free,
To chase my neighbor's hens.

Then to the grocer, smiling gay,
I say in tones polite:
"Oh bring two cans of peas, I pray,
And three of corn to-night!"

When through the air as sweet as wine
The gold bees swiftly flash,
I love to linger on my spine
And watch the succotash;
I never handle, e'en in play,
The spade, or rake, or fork;
I never work when I can pay
The gentleman from Cork.

It is a garden for the eye
That every passer scans,
My fruitful garden I must buy
All ready-made in cans.

My garden is a spot serene
Where blows the crimson rose,
And apples drop from branches green
To dislocate my nose.
I love to watch the butterfly
Tilt on the flower cup,
But when my garden bright I spy
On paper figured up —

And how I buy store beets and peas
I have to shout "'T would not
Cost half as much upon the seas
To sail a pleasure yacht!"

WINTER DUSK.

The prospect is bare and white,
And the air is crisp and chill;
While the ebon wings of night
Are spread on the distant hill.

The roar of the stormy sea
Seem the dirges shrill and sharp
That winter plays on the tree —
His wild Aeolian harp.

In the pool that darkly creeps
In ripples before the gale,
A star like a lily sleeps,
And wiggles its silver tail.

THE VAIN MOUNTAIN.

There once was a small, respectable
mount,
That considered itself a wonder;
The sea it imagined of no account,
And it kindly smiled at the thunder.

It would laugh to itself, and softly say:
“Those clouds, in the distance looming,
Remind me of smoke-flowers light and
gay
'Round the pipe of some Dutchman
blooming.

“The stars are a handful of third-rate
gems,
And the blue sky is only a flagon;
The forest's a tangle of whining stems,
And the moon's the wheel of a wagon.

“The moon and the sun a chance afford
For the game of philopena;
And the grandest cyclone that ever
roared
Is a petulant concertina.

“But I — I am sure, I am wildly grand,
I’m majestic, and I’m stately;
My sublimity well I understand,
And enjoy my greatness greatly.”

And then did a low, self-satisfied laugh
From the mountain begin to sally —
When an earthquake suddenly split it in
half
And turned it into a valley

A FIRESIDE DREAM.

The sky is growing bleak and gray;
The dead leaves tremble on the bough;
The geese are flying south away —
The quail is in the market now.
Flown are the humming bird and bee;
A snowflake wanders in the lea.

So I will draw an easy chair,
And place my heels upon the dogs,
And watch the blossoms red and rare
That wreath the moaning droning logs.
And Musta, while they hiss and crack,
Will brew the steaming apple-jack.

That summer apple juice will bring
A dream of Summer to my heart,
And rapturously will I sing,
Untrammeled by the laws of art,
Of blue-eyed, golden-haired Elaine
I met upon the coast of Maine.

My '87 Summer girl,

Elaine, demure, serene, *petite*

I see the wavelets curl and swirl,

To kiss her dainty sandaled feet,

While o'er us on the strand, care free

The white moon silvers all the sea.

My name I hear her softly call,

Which fills my soul with sad, sweet pain,

Because I know the secret all:

John Henry's down with croup again,

And I must fly at once, alack,

To drop the soothing ipecac.

UNSATISFIED YEARNING.

Down in the silent hallway
Scampers the dog about,
And whines, and barks, and scratches,
In order to get out.

Once in the glittering starlight,
He straightway doth begin
To set up a doleful howling
In order to get in.

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF COFFEE.

A POET'S DAY DREAM.

He sees through odorous sprays a landscape soft,

Songful with birds;

Meadows where blossoms subtlest incense waft

Round lazy herds,

Where all is brighter than the brightest dream

That pleasure knows,

Where the calm bosom of the crystal stream

Pictures the rose,

He sees the temple of the gorgeous East

In glory rise;

And in the fountain sees Zuleika feast

Her dusky eyes.

38 UNDER INFLUENCE OF COFFEE.

He sees *portieres* of dazzling silken stuff
Cool breezes fret;
He sees the sleepy caliph idly puff
His cigarette.

Amid the spicy odors strangely sweet
By him are seen
The twinkle of the supple dancer's feet
And tambourine.

These pictures through the poet's vision
flit,
The East he sees,—
Although his coffee's brewed of common
split
Canadian peas.

A LEGEND.

Once winter, old and bent and white,
Sat on a drift of snow to rest,
When Spring appeared with footsteps
light,
And crimson roses on her breast.

Her hair with meek anemones
Was sprinkled till the air was sweet;
She moved as softly as the breeze,
With twinkling sandals on her feet.

She scattered flowers, blue and white,
And red and purple, as she went—
Old Winter watched her with delight
Enraptured with the spicy scent.

He saw the grass beneath her feet
Turn to a light green flecked with gold,
Where crocus cups, all dewy sweet,
Would softly in her smile unfold.

Old Winter shook aside the snow,
And followed where the goddess led;
He felt the airy zephyr blow
Each foot-print to a blossom red.

He followed to her rosy lair,
And fanned her with love's pleasant
wing;
And wedded were the happy pair —
Whining Winter and sighing Spring.

Since love these two as one did mold,
These seasons but one season form;
The Winter's always warm and cold,
The Spring is always cold and warm.

We know in Feb. a mild May day;
In March what odorous breezes glow
A tempest comes along in May,
And April has a fall of snow

Oh, that divorce may shortly flap
About this match its gruesome wing!—
We want no Spring in Winter's lap,
Nor Winter in the lap of Spring.

TO THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

Oh, snowy goose, with burnished golden
bill,

You are the dear old Santa Claus for
me,

You glad my bosom with a childish thrill,
Until I caper rampant in my glee.

My mental stocking to the brim you fill
With lush ineffable felicity,

Until your smile gilds with effulgence
rare,

The playground of my lost lamented hair.

I've seen you at the incense-breathing
morn,

Lining your inner bird with twinkling
grass,

Hymning the symphony of pleasure
born —

I've seen you into perfect goosehood
pass

42 TO THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

And now when you the Christmas board
adorn,

I close my eyes and fondly sigh, "alas!"
And drift unto an houri haunted sphere,
E'en as you drifted o'er the liliated mere.

You bear me back to childhood's rosy
shore,

And at the hearth I take the stocking
down,

And empty on the bed its sweets galore—
The brindled tiger with the painted
frown,

The shaggy lion and a dozen more

Wild beasts and birds of colors yellow,
brown,

Red, green and gray, such as the cock-
atoo,

The quagga, wombat, ape, and kangaroo.

Still as a child I love your drumstick
plump,

I love your neck, your breast, your
folded wing,

Your luscious dressing makes me skip
and jump,

Turn moral somersaults and dance and
sing,

As lively as a milkman at the pump,

When in the East day's rose is blossoming.

To take you all in all, most noble goose,
You are the grandest minstrel e'er let
loose.

To me you are a swan antique and rare,
That haunts the bright wild region of
romance,

Oh, classic fowl, you're quite beyond
compare,

Juicy and brown upon the plate's ex-
panse.

You're even whiter then and far more fair
Than when with neck projecting like
a lance

You flapped your wings and chased the
freckled boy,

Who eats you now with apple sauce and
joy.

44 TO THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

You're e'en more lovely than the Christ-
mas tree,

You're sweeter than its very sweetest
toy,

You are a pungent roasted melody,

That fills my soul with rare poetic joy,
Until I flutter round you as the bee

Flutters around the tulip chaste and
coy,

And glide into a vision bright and sweet,
That from my ringlets ripples to my feet.

A merry Christmas you have made for me,
And cast me 'neath a most romantic
spell,

My dreams are rose-embroidered like
the sea,

When morn's faint kiss glows on the
dimpled swell,

And now I'll brew a hot Scotch steaming
free,

To make me merry as a Christmas bell,
And while my skull is full of fancies ripe,
I'll blow quaint smoke wreaths from my
corn-cob pipe.

Within that smokescape, noble goose,
I'll see
Your ghostly gooseship float with
wings outspread,
A sylph of grace and rippling drapery,
In turquoise beauty lightly overhead.
And when the pipe is out I'll think, ah
me,
How very fast the merry Christmas
sped,
Because it sped with all its pretty things,
Oh, goose, upon your toothsome roasted
wings.

A CRITIC'S COMPLAINT.

The critic sat beneath a breezy tree
By Spring's fair fingers to a snow-drift
wrought;
Upon the bough a bluebird, rapture
fraught,
Poured forth a strain of joyful minstrelsy.
The critic drew his pencil out care free
All from sheer force of habit, when he
caught
The ripple of the notes, his only
thought
Being of the song's artistic quality.
"It is inconsequential on the whole,"
He wrote, "and alien quite to music's
laws;
'T is strident and metallic, and, there-
fore,
'T is cold and flat, and all devoid of soul
And not original or new, because
I've heard the thing a thousand times
before."

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

In letters large upon the frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name :
O'Callaghan McGee.

And from Beersheba unto Dan,
The critics with a nod
Exclaimed: "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod.

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell ;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell."

Then poets praised in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free ;
No parlor wall was thought complete
That had n't a McGee !

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold ;

His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child."

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine.—

* * * *

That night as in his *atelier*
The painter sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,
He grinned from ear to ear:—
"They little think my *real* name's
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

OCTOBER.

This is old gold-stoled October,
In its glowing flowing gown;
And its spirit, blithe and sober,
All the woodland's gay disrober,
Turns the grasses gray and brown.
Not a vestige
Of the prestige
Now remains of Summer's crown.

Through the wood the brooklet babbles
In melodious unrest,
While the small boy coyly dabbles
In his neighbor's fruit, or scrabbles
Barefoot, free of hat and vest,
Like Terpsichore,
Up the hickory
For the ashen hornet's nest.

Through the valley, gloom-invaded,
Plaintively the cattails sigh,

While the shaded, jaded, faded
Ribbon grasses, zephyr-braided,
Are paraded far and nigh
And the vesper
Hour sees Hesper
Like a scarf pin deck the sky.

On the branch the leaf is curling
Like the caudal of a pug,
And a lilac mist's unfurling,
All the touchful scene impearling,
While the humble tumblebug
Gaily tumbles
Bumps and stumbles
Round his glossy, mossy, rug.

As the days are waxing duller,
Ceres wanders by the weir,
Ruddy as a homespun cruller —
In the drifting, shifting color
Sail her ringlets, gold and sere,
While beguiling
She is smiling—
On the corn — from ear to ear.

BALLADE OF THE RURAL PROSPECTUS.

Next year the Keene *Observer* will
Appear in dress entirely new.
It will be bold and fearless still.
The tariff it will oft review.
A pretty chromo, "Howdy do?"
18 x 10, eclipsed by none,
'Twill give to dangle from a screw.
All kinds of printing neatly done.

The local maw 'twill weekly fill
With local gossip always true.
As, for example, "Simon Hill
His henhouse lately painted blue.
Mark Quigley's horse has cast a shoe.
Take note, at Music Hall next Mon-
Day night the *Taming of the Shrew*."
All kinds of printing neatly done.

No cabbages can pay a bill;
For gold its course it will pursue!
The wisdom of its old goose-quill
Will be its rival's bugaboo.
Besides short stories, and a few
Sweet poems, and the prankful pun
There'll be "Home Notes" by Aunt
Lou.
All kinds of printing neatly done.

ENVOI.

On patrons I would this imbue:
It is n't printed just for fun.
Terms cash! — to boil the Irish stew.
All kinds of printing neatly done.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK.

With some June Dandelions.

The poets who write on plants and flowers should learn something of botany and gardening. Here, for instance, is Mr. Clinton Scol-lard, and a poet beyond the average he is, writing in *Harper's Young People*:

“ When June has come, and all around
The dandelions dot the ground.”

All in tranquil ignorance that in this latitude the dandelions appear in March sometimes, in April always; and are gone before May is over, so that if they dot the ground in June, the dots must be very few and far apart.—*N. Y. Sun*, June 6, 1891.

I send some dandelions gay
I plucked this morn
The while the dew all pearly lay
On bud and thorn.
While all the robins sang in tune
In the rose banks of June.

A many more along the lawn
On waving stems
Shone in the dewy kiss of dawn
Like Indian gems.
I found them blowing by the score
On June's bright sunny shore.

I never saw them sweeter look
Than on this day
In every shadow-haunted nook;
April or May
No finer specimens could show
Than these in June a-blow.

I see them now the mead invade
Like shining coins,
Just where some trembling apple-shade
Another joins,
Waving in delicate unrest
Upon June's fragrant breast.

A fancy of the marriage moon
Unto them clings,
With their suggestive golden boon
Of wedding rings.

Warm breezes kiss these flowers rare
Entangled in June's hair.

Oh, let them on your table fade
Softly away.

When mellow autumn paints the glade
In colors gay,
May they remind you sweetly of
Bright June, the month of love.

Summit, N. J., June 6, 1891.

MY PLEASANT SETTLE.

That is my cushioned settle over there
Which wears my clothes threadbare.
No king upon his throne,
In this or that or any other zone,
Can call such perfect happiness his own
As that which fills my soul
When on it at full length I find true rap-
ture's goal.

I love my hammock rocked between two
trees;
I love on lazy seas
To drift in idlesse sweet,
But sweeter far to lie upon this seat,
And rest 'neath curtained panes my slip-
pered feet,
And pile my old bald crown
On raw silk 'broidered bags of balsam,
sage and brown.

As the gull floats upon the Summer air
Without a thought of care,
So on this couch I float
Through cloudless realms, as in a fairy
boat
That drifts on lilled seas to lands remote,
Where Eastern scenes are met
In the smoke-vistas of my odorous ciga-
rette.

I'm in the shadow of a low-limbed tree,
When May-time gilds the lea
And clover scents the air;
While on the songful boughs the robins
pair,
And butterflies and flowers flutter fair,
When on it I uncoil,
And wonder how a man can fall in love
with toil.

Labor is grand and noble, but with me,
Somehow, does not agree —
Give me this cosy nest,
This warm empurpled nook of hallowed
rest,

With One near by to make the bower
blest,

And just a beaten track:

Over the rugs into the dining-room—
and back.

THE M.D.'S SONGFUL
SOLILOQUY.

When May with blossoms was aglow,
 Their way my patients wended
To me and asked: "Where shall we go
 This summer to be mended?"

The careworn mortal, long and thin,
 With features sere and yellow,
I told if he would color win
 To go to Campobello.

The maiden with a weary look,
 Who'd for next season rally,
I sent unto a quiet nook
 Way up the Mohawk valley.

The girl who thought she had a throat
 Affection growing chronic
Departed on the Hartford boat
 To find the Housatonic.

60 THE M.D.'S SONGFUL SOLILOQUY.

I sent some up to Ponkapog,
Nantucket, Lynn, New Bedford,
Secaucus, Saratoga, Quoque,
Lake Saranac and Medford.

Now while September tones the air,
I'm working like a beaver,
For now my patients need my care
Through chills and typhoid fever.

They went away serene and sound
To bracing sea and mountain,
And in those lovely places found
Disease's murky fountain.

I send those people off each May
With antelopic quickness,
And make things in the autumn pay
Through many a case of sickness.

Hurrah! for all the rural charm
That makes my triumph stellar!
Hurrah! for every undrained farm
That does n't know a cellar!

THE M.D.'S SONGFUL SOLILOQUY. 61

The town such healthful methods courts

I have this grave misgiving:

The doctors, but for health resorts,

Could scarcely make a living.

A FLOWER FANCY.

The lissome vine has climbed the wand
of green

With infinite delight,

And at the top, with pleasure rare and
keen,

It sports a blossom white.

That vine's a cashless boy with smiles
abeam;

The wand's a pole, gaunt, tall;

And the white flower's his happy, happy
dream,

Watching a game of ball.

“ TO PUCK.”

The day is dull, and so am I,
And here's the knotty question:
Where is the theme that I may try
Upon your kind digestion?

What shall I write I ask of you?
Because this dreary weather,
My mind is cracked — I have n't two
Ideas to rub together.

No fruit blooms in my study brown,
I'm feeling worse than feeble,
In vain for fun I've taken down
And scanned my vellum Keble.

I've looked my Milman's Gibbon o'er,
My Burton and my Hervey;
In vain — my soul is limp and sore,
My brains are topsey-turvey.

“The drugget is a little drug,”

I write, and this but dazes
My reason, and across the rug
I toss it to the blazes.

“Suppose the ship should lose her hold,”

My fancy, what a thesis!

“Suppose a Spanish soldier bold,
Called General Pa-resis!”

Alas, I can not raise a laugh

To-day for love or money;
If I rhyme “seraph” with “giraffe,”
It’s stupider than funny.

And so I’ll lay my pen aside,

And boil the Medford kettle;
And then I’ll indolently glide,
And settle on the settle.

And then I’ll smoke till day is done

The weed of Carolina,
And sing, “Begone, dull care, begone,
Begone to Dresden China.”

TO THE POET OF THE GARDEN.

“ But you never can put beans into poetry.”—

“ My Summer in a Garden.” —

Charles Dudley Warner.

Dear Mr. Warner: In your book you say
That there can be no poetry in beans,
Which dainty hails from those poetic
scenes

That glow a paradise in Omar's lay.

If after you've observed the bean's bloom
spray

Flower the wind 'mid other alien
greens

You hold your harsh opinion, it but
means

The effete down East has rendered you
blasé.

66 TO THE POET OF THE GARDEN.

Poet and peasant for the sweet bean sigh,
Whether of Lima or St. Botolph's
town—

O luscious banquet, fit for kings and
queens!

Fit for the gods upon Olympus high—

I can't believe that, growing or baked
brown,

Poetically, you do not know beans.

PUT TO SLEEP.

Back and forth in the rocker,
Lost in a reverie deep,
The mother rocked while trying
To sing the baby to sleep.

The baby began a-crowing,
For silent he could n't keep,
And after a while the baby
Had crowed his mother to sleep.

AT DEWY MORN.

The east is blushing,
The landscape flushing,
The water 's glowing
 A silver dream.
A faint light-billow
Illumes my pillow;
The rooster 's crowing
 With joy supreme.

The morning in shimmering gold is
 moulded,
The robin chants in the tree-top tall;
And at last the mosquito 's softly folded
His murmurous wing on the cottage
 wall.

Where shadows darkle,
The dew-drops sparkle

On lilies, roses,
And other things.
And for the lakelet,
Ducklet and drakelet,
Project their noses
And spread their wings.

The flower that seems of the softest silk
made
Cradles the bee on the mountain brow;
And out in the sunshine the rosy milk-
maid
Adroitly manipulates the cow.

The frisky heifer
Inhales the zephyr,
Scented with clover,
Snowy and deep.
Though bent on rising,
With ease surprising
I turn me over
And fall asleep.

Oh, I drop in a cat-nap, sweet and soothing,

And wander through meadows green
and bright,

And forget that the blooming infant
toothling,

Has kept me prancing the floor all
night.

AT LAST.

She tips to-and-fro in the old rocking
chair,
Her forehead is wrinkled, and white is
her hair,
While her grand-children romp in a tur-
bulent throng
She reads the fond words of a tender
love-song.

That love-song was writ her one sunshiny
day,
When her heart was as light as the
breezes in May,
When her figure was graceful, her cheek
like a rose,
And never were spectacles perched on
her nose.

The lover that wrote her that sonnet,
 alas,
Has peacefully slept 'neath the long
 tangled grass
For years—and the words of his elo-
 quent lay
“Miss Violet” reads for the first time to-
 day.

You ask why that poem thus lingered
 unseen?
He had sent it that time to a great
 magazine,
And the publishing man let the musical
 waif
Unprinted remain fifty years in the safe.

AT THE SHRINE.

A pale Italian peasant,
Beside the dusty way,
Upon this morning pleasant
Kneels in the sun to pray.

Silent in her devotion,
With fervent glance she pleads;
Her fingers' only motion,
Telling her amber beads.

Dreaming of ilex bowers
Beyond the purple brine
Once more she sees the flowers
Bloom at the wayside shrine.

And, while the mad crowd jostles,
She, with a visage sweet,
Prays where the bisque apostles
Are sold on Barclay street.

FAME.

In mediæval Persia
The critics, rapture-fraught,
Paid homage to Firdousi,
And Omar was as naught.

But now the rarest judges
Who song divinely love,
Place the neglected Omar
Firdousi far above.

Look to your crown, Lord Alfred,
For in the future far
You may be as Firdousi,
And Tupper as Omar.

A CRITIC ON NATURE.

Old nature 's dear and good enough,
To love her is a duty;
But all this fol-de-rol and stuff
About her endless beauty
Quite sickens me; for often I,
A-dream in by-ways sunny,
Observe a tone along the sky
That 's funnier than funny.

I like old Nature when she can't
Provoke my honest strictures —
When, conscientious, I can chant
Her charms as seen in pictures.
When I am sure her dreamy tones
Of sky and middle distance
Are equal to the tones of Jones,
They 'll be beyond resistance.

Those clouds that right and left I see,
In grouping and in movement

Beneath the hand of Brown Magee
Would show a vast improvement.
Old Nature in the studios
Of Robinson McKesson
Could gain a point on afterglows,
On setting suns a lesson.

I laugh at Nature and her themes,
Until I think I'm fainting;
I only like her when she seems
To imitate a painting.
Her foaming sea to me is wool
And like flock of poodles.
You ought to see the beautiful
Marines by Toodles Toodles.

I love her in the Autumn glow
Of flames all turvey topsey,
For then she kindly holds, I know,
The mirror up to Cropsey.
When this she does, her praise I sing;
And, no more pessimistic,
I idolize the dear old thing
For being so artistic.

BALLADE OF THE DECLINING YEAR.

The butterfly has left the lea,
Where golden rods and asters blow;
No more the little honey bee
Swings on the lily to and fro.
The rustling sheaf betokens snow,
And from the poet's innermost
Recesses doth this songlet flow:
There are no quail on last year's toast.

No robin carols in the tree.
The garden wears the weeds of woe,
And o'er the cornfield circles free
That pirate of the air — the crow.
And now the happy schoolboys go
Chestnutting in a merry host;
Sad is the hazy afterglow:
There are no quail on last year's toast.

Upon the lonely shore the sea
The livelong day is moaning low,
Where, 'neath a silken canopy
We once saw soft eyes softer grow.
Where are they — Maud, Louise and Jo
We met upon the Jersey coast?
Those days again we 'll never know —
There are no quail on last year's toast.

ENVOI.

Poets that "note," "mark," "ween,"
and trow,"
The summer soon gives-up the ghost—
The circus is a fleeting show.
There are no quail on last year's toast.

DAWN.

Behind the tangled forest, dark and deep
It burns, a sea of rose,
Whose airy billows o'er the wild wastes
creep
And sparkle on the snows.

A white star gayly trembles in the blue,
A crow the silence breaks,
And from the high limb of the solemn
yew,
The wind a snow-wreath shakes.

The air is clear and sweet as golden wine,
Warmed by day's early beam;
The distant hills in rolling purple shine,
And, from a poet's dream,

I wake to hear Myrtilla play a great
Tattoo with vim and dash,
Chopping the pickled beeve to formulate
The matutinal hash.

RECIPROCITY.

The Christmas Morning soliloquy of a Commission Maid Servant.

When the lush-blush rose smiled upon
the tree,
And the earth blossomed 'neath the
young May moon,
Into the barrel, with an air care-free,
I cast the chicken, dish and knife and
spoon;
I gave my poor relations coffee, tea;
And often on a summer afternoon
I wasted ice to make the ice-man glad;
And on this happy day my heart's not
sad.

*For here the sealskin sacque behold,
The grocer's recognition
Of all my services untold
To strengthen his position.*

*The ice-man, sinister and grim,
Within my dream reposes.
He knows that I looked out for him
Throughout the time of roses.*

When whistling winter reddened ear and
nose,

I stopped the fire and made the kitchen
cold;

And soon the leaden pipes all stiffly
froze,

And on the princely plumber showered
gold.

I wasted coal, and that is, I suppose,

Why I have got the dealer in my
hold.

I see the presents in my vision glow:

To-morrow for the Safe Deposit Co.

Oh, look at this porcelain pitcher!

Oh! look at this bright chatelaine!

The plumber through me has grown richer;

The coal dealer, also, 'tis plain.

*Oh my, but I have a position
That fills me with joy through and
through!
Because, while I work on commission,
I work upon salary too.*

I'll leave the fresh meat on the tubs to-
night
That it may spoil, and make the
butcher dance
With rapture; and till morn I'll burn
each light,
To waste the oil at which they never
glance.
I'll fall down stairs, and in my rapid
flight
Shatter a tray of "Dresden" bought
in France —
And let these princes very plainly see
What a warm friend they have in Madge
McGee.

And they 'll remember me when next
the year

Piles high its snowdrifts at the gar-
den gate;

When all the earth is sad, and bleak and
drear,

With gold and gem they 'll make my
heart elate.

I know that to them I am very dear,

Because I make them powerful and
great,

And unto me they with high favor lean—

I, their commission culinary queen.

A CLERGYMAN ON JUNE.

The world with blooming beauty now is
 bright,
Sweet hope and promise in all things
 I see;
Pathetic grows the cough assumed by
 me
To gain a furlough and the Isle of
 Wight;
I walk the odorous meads with pure
 delight,
Where the blithe lambkin gambols wild
 and free,
As I observe the dusty-belted bee
Into the waving lily sink from sight.
A rosy peace the day serenely fills;
The 'dimpled clouds lie still against
 the blue;
A benison lies on the land and sea.

Oh, June, whose generous verdure robes
the hills,

Of all the months my favorite are you,
Sweet moon of mating-song and wed-
ding fee!

THE JOLLY PLUMBER.

There was once a jolly plumber in a little country town,

And a very jolly plumbing knight was he.

Once I heard him skip and sing like a poet in the spring,

In a sort of rapture-drunken ecstasee:

“I’m the great big man

From Beersheba unto Dan,

For my bill is always longer than the snipe’s;

And I drive my patrons frantic

When I use my strength gigantic

In a happy hammer solo on their pipes,

And I shout heigh ho,

Woe is me, by Jo!

With a heigh, ho, tra la la la lee—

I’m a hummer of a plumber,

In the winter and the summer,
And the monarch of the mountain and
the sea!"

And the sea,
And the monarch of the mountain
and the sea.

Then he crawled beneath the boiler in
his sky-blue overalls—
Oh, he started with a spartan spunk
and vim;
And he diagnosed the job with his cran-
ium a-bob
While he caroled like a bluebird on the
limb:
"Oh, there's naught wrong here,
That is very, very clear,
But I'll make a fracture quicker than
a shot —
For the gold to paint the chateau,
Smiling sweetly on the plateau,
And to put new sails upon the sum-
mer yacht.
With a high ho ho,

Wo is me — me is wo,

With a rip rap fol de loddly lay,

I'm the lordly old mechanic

That can make Titanic panic

With the customer that stumbles in
my way,

In my way.

With the customer that stumbles in
my way.

Then his kit did he unbuckle, and the
hammer took in hand

For to deal the heavy death-blow like
a flash;

When the boiler quickly burst, and the
plumber got the worst

Of the bargain, for he flitted with the
crash.

He was there no more,

For a-flying through the door

With the swiftness of the humming-
bird went he;

And no more he 'll gayly caper

'Neath the tubs with lighted taper

On a mission of most fell iniquitee.

Oh, no more he 'll hear
In this care-fraught sphere
 His unhallowed critics while they
 rudely carp;
And his family supposes,
While he dozes 'neath the roses
 That his spirit free discourses on the
 harp,
 On the harp.
 That his spirit free discourses on
 the harp.

Still when loudly blows the blizzard, and
 the snow is drifted high,
 And the frost is on the rattling
 window pane—
In the middle of the night do we shudder
 in our fright,
 While we listen to a ghostly, weird
 refrain;
Oh it sadly moans
In the dolefullest of tones
 While uncanny phantoms round the
 threshold hang:

“Oft I visit earth’s dominions,
On the whirlwind’s icy pinions,
 Just to see the pipes a-busting with
 a bang:
To the scenes of my crimes
I delight to come at times,
 And to shout, though in the flesh I
 cannot be;
I’m a hummer of a plumber,
In the winter and the summer,
 And the monarch of the mountain
 and the sea,
 And the sea.
 And the monarch of the mountain
 and the sea.”

TO A CERTAIN KIND OF
POET.

Daisies, Praises,
Meadows, Shadows,
Roses, Posies

Gay.

These are rhymes this poet mingles
When he merrily be-gingles merry, merry
May.

These are ancient rhymes, and, therefore,
Should be cast aside;
Wherefore, wherefore, wherefore, where-
fore
Has the bard no pride?

Better far to say that stucco
Shields the nest on high
Of the phœbe or the cuckoo,
Though it be a lie.

Better far upon the greensward,
Say his spirit springs
Radiantly pork and beansward
On delighted wings.

But this poet, inspired, impassioned,
Will stick to his rhymes old-fashioned.

"Blossom," "blossom," "blossom,"
These will rhyme forever
With "bosom," "bosom," "bosom,"
Like "river" with "endeavor."
Like "river" with "endeavor,"
Will "blossom" rhyme with "bosom,"
As "ever" rhymes with "river,"
Will "bosom" rhyme with "blossom."
There are no extra charges for this Ten-
nysonian touch,
'T is a little vagrant fancy, and it's all
the same in Dutch.

But this poet, not "staccato,"
E'er will jingle with "tomato,"
When "grove" and "shove" and "grass"
and "case" remain.

He will rhymeward feebly grope,
Quite like Alexander Pope,
And he 'll fill our tuneful soul with ache
and pain,

When we read his airy jingles from Ver-
mont to Colorado,
In the magazine that circulates from
Oregon to Yeddo,
With his "blossom" and his "bosom"
and his "meadow" and his "shadow"
And his "praises" and his "daisies" and
his "shadow" and his "meadow."

AN OLD BEAU.

Oft I think with a smile in my trim swallow-tail,
At the rout where fresh roses their fragrance exhale,
Of the days when my pate was a bower of curls,
And I danced with the grandmas of all these dear girls.

When I look on the charms that their beauties unfold,
They 're to me the same damsels, though I have grown old—
While I feel like white winter without a warm ray,
They appear like the rosebuds a-tremble in May.

But the winter may look with its shiver
and chill

Through the pane at the flowers that
bloom on the sill—

And I think I 'll ask Maud with the ring-
lets of jet

If she 'll only be mine for the next min-
uet.

Oh, I know that I'm not quite so old as
I look,

For my voice has no crack, and my back
has no crook —

And I 'd feel like a prince if May, Maud,
and Lucile

Would but treat me like one who's as
young as I feel.

THE BEETLE.

Along the balmy tide of night
He drifts about the dreaming rose,
Until I stop his happy flight
Abruptly with my freckled nose.
He hits me, then he flies away,
Then back into the room he flits,
To roast and toast within the ray
The weary, wheezing lamp emits.
Oh, now he throbs,
And bangs, and bobs
With all his might and main,
A chunketty chunk,
A plunketty plunk,
Against the window pane.

Upon the air he seems to swim,
And when he circles round my head
I think if I'd escape from him
That I must tumble into bed;

Then at him with a towel damp
I strike with vigor, vim and dash,
And laugh to see him graze the lamp
And singe his whiskers and moustache.
Oh, still he throbs,
And bangs, and bobs,
With all his might and main,
A chunketty chunk,
A plunketty plunk,
Against the window pane.

From high to low his frou-frou shifts;
He is so far and yet so near,
That when he down the ceiling drifts,
He seems tip-tilting on my ear.
He moves, methinks, on wings of song;
I watch him skim and twist and turn,
And he will circle just so long
As this old lamp holds out to burn
For still he throbs,
And bangs, and bobs
With all his might and main,
A chunketty chunk,
A plunketty plunk,
Against the window pane.

BALLADE OF THE TEA CIGARETTE.

Away with sugar, spoon and cream,
With burnished samovar away,
And earthen pot emitting steam,
And fragile china blue and gay,
With Spring-like flowers in a spray
Anemone and violet.

We drink no tea, but smoke to-day
The dainty oolong cigarette.

We see sweet Angelina beam
With smiles that round her dimples
play,
The snow of the "electric's" gleam
Kissing her beauty pink as May,
She is not "pouring" as they say;
But know we nought of fume and fret,
When she rolls (all our cares to slay)
The dainty oolong cigarette.

With butterflies the parlors teem—
Smoke butterflies, all pearly gray,
That drifting toward the ceiling seem
O'er Chinese tulip beds to stray
Till some light wind creeps in to fray
Them into dome and minaret—
Oh, here supplants the Henry Clay,
The dainty oolong cigarette.

ENVOI.

Against the weed we 'll all inveigh,
O rare and dimple-cheeked Babette,
When you serve on the lacquered tray
The dainty oolong cigarette.

MY CHICKENS.

The chickens that I used to own
Were birds of high degree;
Both far and favorably known
And beautiful to see.

I'd watch the Cochins proudly trot
And tower o'er the flock,
Composed of Leghorns, Wyandottes,
Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks.

I'd greet them in the rosy morn
In complimentary terms,
And throw them grains of shining corn
And early angle worms.

A roof of glass kept off the storm
But not the sunny ray—
I had a stove to keep them warm
Against a Winter day.

About them on the train I 'd boast,
I o'er their beauty sighed;
My costly chickens were almost
My only joy and pride.

They are no more — their days are told,
And in their places now
The meanest fowls that come for gold
Are roosting on the bough.

They are an ornery-looking lot,
They 're scrawney, with no style;
Observe them and upon the spot
You can't withhold a smile.

Their crops with corn I never fill,
But set them free, and then
They gayly skirmish round until
They clothe the inner hen.

Their fruit abundant, though it 's fried
Or poached, or boiled, or shirred,
Makes me rejoice to think I 've tried
The common barn-yard bird.

This bird shall always round me prowl,
Or linger on one leg,
And ne'er the prize, blue-blooded fowl
That never lays an egg.

THE POETS OF PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

[TO A. B. P.]

They 're a jolly good set, and they live
not in vain;

I have known them for many a year,
E'en when youth was a dream that I'm
dreaming again,

When we sat o'er the pipes and the
beer.

Oh, Bohemia was happy and halcyon
then,

And its roses were fragrant and fair
Though the wealth of the Indies bloomed
not in the ken

Of the Poets of Printing House Square.

Then the bays and the laurels Fame's
wind set aglow

When the muse lent her favoring wing,

And the singers to-day with the beards
white as snow

Were the butterflies then of the spring.
Oh, our Ultima Thule of gold was the
price

Of the beaker that banished all care,
While it made all the earth like a green
paradise

To the Poets of Printing House Square.

To those bowers in spirit I often repair,
And I linger in glee on the scenes
Where we builded the castles that crum-
bled to air

In McGuffey's pavilion of beans.
Oh, the coffee and doughnuts within us
instilled

Inspiration to do and to dare,
And their beautiful mission was ever
fulfilled

For the Poets of Printing House
Square.

There was Frank, who would dream in a
cigarette-joy,
While he watched the smoke ripple
and swirl;
There was Caleb, who made all the world
love his boy,
When he sang of the Little Brown Curl.
There was Jack, who the methods of pub-
lishers curst,
Who would soar on song pinions most
rare,
For the shekels to quench his unquench-
able thirst
With the Poets of Printing House
Square.

Oh yes, though we 're older and still
deep in debt,
Do we sing with the spirit of yore;
And we 'll all keep it up till the canvas
is set
For a sail to the opposite shore.

But upon that grim day, with its shiver
and chill,

When to some other realm we must
fare,

Though we 're seraphs or not, you may
wager, we 'll still

Be the Poets of Printing House Square.

THE WUNK.

The wunk is a variety of dog peculiar to Central Asia.—*Morning Paper.*

From Central Asia's sunny clime,
In Gotham to cavort,
Through Summer time and Winter prime,
In revelry and sport,
Has come, we hope and trust to stay,
And make his downy bunk,
And bark and jump and have his day,
The winky-wanky wunk.
The festive little wunk,
The playful little wunk,
The frisky, smiling,
Care-beguiling
Winky-wanky wunk.

The wunk is quite a moral dog,
That never shirks or steals;

Upon a chain he 'll gayly jog
At Isabella's heels.
And soon that beauty 'll cast aside
Her bulldog, full of spunk,
And have in sky-blue ribbons tied,
The winky-wanky wunk.
The clumsy little wunk,
The wabbling little wunk,
The rolling, tumbling,
Stocky, stumbling
Winky-wanky wunk.

When e'er the wunk the cat detects
The backyard roaming free,
He howls, and at her neck projects
Himself in fiendish glee.
And when on her he swiftly lands,
With rosy rapture drunk,
She in a jiffy understands
The winky-wanky wunk.
The watchful little wunk,
The wary little wunk,
The cat-annoying,
Pie-destroying,
Winky-wanky wunk.

Long may the wunk so shaggy wave
His caudal on our rug,
And trot behind us o'er the pave,
As nimbly as the pug.
All other doggies far above,
From Texas to Podunk,
We 'll hymn the golden glories of
The winky-wanky wunk.
The gray-eyed little wunk,
The blinking little wunk,
The rapture-crazy,
Lazy, daisy,
Winky-wanky wunk.

AN EPITAPH.

Beneath this quiet, turfy,
And flower-scented green
Lies Arabella Murphy,
As usual — Kerosene.

MASTERY.

A mighty wrestler, walking through a
wood,
Proud of his wond'rous strength and
prowess, spoke:
"Quick could I hurl, were I but in the
mood,
To the four winds, yon century-rooted
oak!

A sorry figure in my hold 't would cut,
Although defiant in the cyclone's
track — "
His heel then came in contact with a nut,
That quickly turned, and stretched him
on his back.

THE JOYS OF RURAL LIFE.

[SUMMER]

Oh, it 's lovely in the country, when the
birds are gay and merry,
And upon the slender trellis blows the
lavender wistaria,
And you watch the gold bee booming in
the blossoms of the berry,
While you 're quaking, while you 're
shaking, while you 're aching with
malaria.

Airs so shifting, lightly drifting blossoms
through the limbs are sifting,
Woodbines clamber like the amber of
the tippie of Bavaria,
As you view the dimpled cloudlets in
the blue horizon lifting,
While you 're quaking, while you 're
shaking, while you 're aching with
malaria.

In a nooklet with a booklet by a brook-
let where the cattle
Came to drink, you list the ripple of
the bobolinkum aria,
Though you 're lips are painted purple
and your bones all crack and rattle,
While you 're quaking, while you 're
shaking, while you 're aching with
malaria.

[WINTER]

Oh the country is as lovely in the winter
as in May time,—
With the wind that lights your fea-
tures with a rosy posy glow.
It 's the farmer's merry play time, not
potato time or hay time—
With a cellarful of water and a gar-
retful of snow.

With its holly, pretty Polly, it is jolly,
never crisper
Are the airs that make the windrows
where the rabbit footprints show,

And around the logs we linger while they
sputter and they whisper—

With a cellarful of water and a garretful
of snow.

There is leisure, there is pleasure, with-
out measure from each quarter—

Oh, the coasting and the skating that
these fleeting moments know —

With a garretful of snow and a cellarful
of water,

And a cellarful of water and a garret-
ful of snow.

IN DEFENCE OF THE ADVERTISING MUSE.

SHAKESPEARE SPEAKS.

Sometimes when I 'm not at work on a
play
Historic and full of warfare,
I try my hand, in a casual way,
At an ad. to keep me in carfare.

Why should n't I praise the bilious pill
And in loftiest numbers chirrup,
And make the popular heartstrings thrill
With a poem on soothing syrup?

Why should n't I cleave the cloudless
dome
Through the billow of light that's polar,
To rhapsodize on Excelsior Foam
That preserves the fleeting molar.

Sing ho! for the laurels won by me
On the lotion prepared for freckles!
My harp shan't hang on the willow tree
While the soap muse brings me shekels.

For I know in a general sort of a way,
While with laughter I'm sorely shaken,
That the critics will rise in their might
and say
That they all were written by Bacon.

STRAWBERRIES.

We wandered in the woodland dim,
And there amid the leafy gloom,
I plucked, to please her airy whim,
The fragile snow-white strawberry
bloom.

'T was when the strawberries were ripe
I wooed her by the sapphire sea,
And heard the mating bluebirds pipe
A prescience full of joy to me.

And when the wedding bells rang free,
And all our thoughts flowed on like
rhyme,
The blush was on the strawberry —
The strawberry was in its prime.

Two years have swiftly flown since then —
Two happy years — once more the birds

And strawberries are in the glen,
That heard of love our whispered
words.

The honeysuckle freights the breeze,
The garden blows rose-red with June,
And on his plate of strawberries
The baby's drumming with his spoon.

A DIRGE.

All nature 's now as sad and gray
As ever it can be,
The leaflets through the garden stray—
No tulips can I see;
The rabbits skip about all day,
The daisies softly flee,
The chickens all have ceased to lay,
And on the locust tree
The squirrels gaily frisk and play —
And one thing's plain to me
The pasture fields are not so gay
As when cavorting free,
I saw the lambkins of the May
Within the blooming lea.
The coal man now is making hay
Which is not timo-thee
While I parade the woodland way
Spellbound unto my tea,

And smoke my pipe—my Henry Clay,
And do not care a “d;”
But sing my old ratooral-a
Ritooral ooral-e

AT 8:30 P. M.

The music of the distant sea
Now murmurs through the balmy air;
No longer butterfly and bee
Flit round the garden here and there.
The first white star is in the sky,
The hoptoad rests beneath the weed,
And in a heap
The cow's asleep
Upon the bosom of the mead.

The bat is circling wild and free,
The frog is croaking loud and long,
Mine ear, methinks, discovers the
Mosquito's rude, unhallowed song.
I hear the shrieking whip-poor-will,
That keeps it up with Spartan spunk,
While on yon pane
A wild refrain,
The June bug goes "kerplunk, ker-
plunk!"

The banners of the mellow corn
Now ripple like a silver lake
Beneath the rising moon, whose horn
Keeps yon infernal dog awake.
The dew drop 's on the lily bell,
The hollyhock 's asleep, and hence
I 'll tilt my chair
In comfort rare,
And rest my heels upon the fence.

The night is grand, no cloudlets sail
Across the star-besprinkled sky;
The turkey resting on the rail
Is not one-eighth so glad as I.
Oh, golden rapture brims my cup,
I dream on pleasure's pearly shore—
And here I 'll sport,
And hold the fort
While this old jug holds out to pour.

BUT—

She ever wears the selfsame gracious
smile —

A smile of Maytime sweet,
Which doth my visions with its cheer be-
guile
Upon the dusty street.

Her manner's ever chic and debonair,
Her spirits e'er serene,
And, like the snowy Summer rose, she 's
fair
And of majestic mien.

Her eyes are black—as black as blackest
night—

She is a poet's dream;
As lovely as the lily blowing white
Upon time's crystal stream.

I watch the colors of her flowered gown,
Wind-dimpled all the day;
I note her fondly as I walk down town
Each morning on my way.

While through the working day I gayly
build
The ode and virelay,
I dream about the wistful smiles that gild
This tricky urban fay.

I think about the happy, happy bud
Upon her jaunty hat,
And then my thoughts become a whirl-
ing flood—
My heart goes pit-a-pat.

And yet this stately damosel divine —
This nymph of beauty rare —
So airy, sweet, of dimpled curve and line,
Can not my sorrows share.

Because this dainty dream of smiling love
That makes my fancies soar,
Is a lay figure in the window of
McGuffin's dry goods store.

THROUGH GARDEN AND MEADOW.

In eighteen-carrot raptures
I wander round the place
My pensive spirit captures
Its flower-scented grace.

Hibiscus, ampelopsis,
Alyssum, cyclamen,
Lobelia, ipomopsis
Are blooming in my ken.

The Indian pipe, which surely
Should be the calumet,
I watch while I demurely
Enjoy my cigarette.

The pinks blow in perfection,
The ice-plant melts away;
For Tammany's election
The tiger lily's gay.

I murmur unto Phyllis:
 “Sweet William ’s not afraid
To sport with Amaryllis —
 See Milton—in the shade.”

The blue and gold lantana,
 The red-hot poker plant,
The gay virumque canna
 Inspire my little chant. .

The muse my spirit masters
 Till here I seem to bide,
As rich as all the asters
 That blossom in their pride.

A SUMMER MEMORY.

'Twas at the seaside last July,
Upon an evening still,
When, as I took my promenade
Along old Hemlock Hill,
A maiden fair looked down on me
From a vine-clad window sill.

She was a lily-fashioned dream,
Symbolic of the Spring;
She was angelic, pure and sweet,
And all that sort of thing;
The bangles on her snowy wrist
Went ding-a-ling-a-ling.

Her hair was gold, her eyes were blue,
Her teeth were pearly white;
And all the sweetness of her face
Was lit with morning light.
These similes are ancient, but
They fill the bill aright.

I said she was my Northern star
At twilight in the dell;
I said she was a regal rose,
And naught my love could quell,
And flashed on her enraptured gaze
The winning caramel.

With her I laughed at every fate,
And life's unpleasant bumps;
I fondly called on her each night
With nervous skips and jumps,
In beaver hat and Sunday cane,
And patent leather pumps.

To walk with her beside the sea
At dusk I ne'er would fail,
And in the waltz at hops and balls
We 'd madly, wildly sail —
She in her latest Paris gown,
I in my swallow-tail.

At last the golden Summer passed,
With all its listless fun,
Its yachting parties, moonlight walks,
Croquet at set of sun;

And scarlet lemonade, with straws,
But then, the girl I won.

Yet, when the Autumn o'er the glade
Advanced on rustling feet,
And epicures began to dream
Of quail and sausage meat,
I primed my heart and suddenly
Gave up this maiden sweet.

She sent me back the diamond ring
I gave her, love-estate;
She sent me back the shaggy skye
Presented at the gate,
The Tupper, Owen Meredith,
And Poet Laureate.

And yet this rosebud of a maid
Was e'er my love elect;
I thought without her I should be
Irrevocably wrecked;
But had to coldly cast her off,
Because of self respect.

Alas, her father tried to sail
One sunny morn away.

As "Jotham Heatherbee" he felt
In spirits blithe and gay;
But ere the good ship "Bothnia"
Went skimming down the bay,

A big detective on the wharf
The bulwarks bounded o'er,
And that white-haired bank president
From stateroom eighty-four
Most quickly brought, and handcuffed
him
And walked him up the shore.

Full soon was he transported north
Upon the flying cars,
And now at Sing Sing on the Hud
He dreams behind the bars,
And in the daytime works, and wears
The stripes without the stars.

Now, that 's the only reason why
I gave the maiden up,
And got from her most suddenly
My diamond ring and pup,
My vellum Owen Meredith,
My Tennyson and Tup.

THE ACADEMIC KITCHEN.

Mrs. Richards has been discoursing upon the old but ever timely subject of school luncheons, and predicts that perfectly appointed kitchens will soon be included in the plans of every school building.—*Morning Paper*.

All hail, all hail, most dear kind-hearted
dame,

You're now the object of the school-
boy's love;

His love's the tender halo of your name
For placing lobster salad far above
The soggy sandwich, and the broiled
wood dove,

Above the saline pickle, which no more
Shall fit his rubber stomach like a
glove.

He's like a dreamer on a sun-lit shore,
Who sees his ship come in laden with
gold galore.

Now when he wrestles with arithmetic
 He 'll dream about the pleasant time of
 noon,
 And of the airy, evanescent brick
 Of pink ice cream, flanked by a silver
 spoon.
 'T will blend with him e'en as the lush
 raccoon
 Blends with the son of Afric's burning
 sand,
 And joyful he will be from hat to shoon
 To know that learning's kitchen's close
 at hand,
 To breathe the incense rare of silken
 Samarand.

Begone, begone, grim doughnut of ill
 fame,
 Away, away from here to other-where.
 O baleful pie, for which there's no fit
 name,
 To culture's bowers you shall not re-
 pair.
 Virgil with veal will be a pleasure rare;

Livy with liver, Socrates with soup
 Should lift the pupil to Olympus fair
 And high, whereon the meads the glad
 gods group,
 Just as sponge cake and prunes should
 make his spirits droop.

Philosophy is very dull and dry,
 And metaphysics is a blooming snare,
 From differential calculus all fly
 As from a brindled tiger in his lair;
 But when these studies with a potted
 hare
 Digested are, 'tis quite another thing.
 The school boy plods along with con-
 science rare
 Through Homer, while he eats the turkey
 wing
 And with the pork chop's fame makes
 the blue welkin ring.

When fish and Greek will thus assimilate,
 The school bell and the dinner bell are
 one.

And education will associate
 Itself with beef, and spurn the burnish-
 ed bun,
 That like the cheesecake, when the
 day is done
 Creates dyspepsia with an iron hand
 Until the boy the baker shop will shun,
 And shout in joy the gods may under-
 stand,
 "Catullus and clam broth, oh combina-
 tion grand!"

The boy when grown, upon the bill of fare
 Will read the Greek hexameter divine,
 Theocritus will lend a classic air
 Unto the blue fish from Nantucket's
 brine,
 And that quaint poet of the farm
 Sabine—
 Quintus Horatius Flaccus, B. C. 8,
 Along the vegetable list will shine,
 And make the hungry scholar's soul
 elate,
 While playfully he throws his radishes
 at fate.

Long live the atlas and the frying pan,
 Long live the spelling book and coffee
 pot,
 To foster, from Beersheba unto Dan,
 Brains for Bostonian, Hindoo, Hot-
 tentot!
 Let the chef make the schoolboy's
 dinner hot,
 Let the professor make the light appear
 On gravest problems tough as any
 knot;
 The healthy stomach makes the head
 that 's clear;
 Long wave the teacher with the codfish
 ball, his peer!

SEA DREAMS IN THE CITY.

Far from the noisy city's glaring pave
The rolling billow breaks upon the
shore;

The sail is dimpling on the distant wave
That rolls in madcap joy the wind be-
fore;

The blue gull circles indolently o'er
The cloud ship that is drifting down
the sky,

White as a lily with a golden core,
Or as the dainty sculptures that we spy—
A white rose dream upon the fragile
fleeting pie.

I see the small boy with his pail and
spade
Building the fort the waves will wash
away;

I see fair Angelina shyly wade
 Into the water through, the wind-
 tossed spray,
 It is a perfect, shining summer day.
And, while I hear the ocean's endless
 boom,
 And in a day dream smoke my Henry
 Clay,
And watch its smoke wreaths softly drift
 and bloom,
I languish on a cot in a hot hall bed-room.

Yet I am looking on the back yard, where
 A parched red rose is fading on a slat;
No gracious raindrop comes to cool the
 air,
 No gentle breeze drifts through the
 humid flat.
 The moth lays eggs upon the urban
 cat
That doth the alien window sill usurp.
 Ah, now I note the swallow and the
 bat,

And hear the stray mosquito's wistful
chirp,

And sympathize with yon chain-choked
enpurpled purp.

Now to the high roof-garden will I go,
And breathe the air that savors of the
sea,

And dream about the swirling undertow
And of the fabled serpent in its glee;
Then while the music's flowing wild
and free,

And the sea nymph is singing at my ear,
I'll order in my boundless revel-ree
The servitor most quickly to appear,
And then joy's shore I'll find in seas of
foaming beer.

A ROSARY OF ANTIQUE GEMS.

The jocund bluebird capers on the lawn,
The bee is booming on the mignonette,
And from her old associates withdrawn,
The setting shanghai's full of fume
and fret.

Now the soft glimmer of the kiss of dawn
Trembles serenely on the sign To Let,
And gilds the pansy by the crystal
stream,
And wakes the bullfrog from his winter's
dream.

The rich and costly rug from Ispahan
Upon the line in gaudy beauty blows —
On the sward shines last year's tomato
can —
Last year's tomato — where is that — who
knows?

On all our rosy hopes fate lays the ban,
All joy is fleeting like the shine that
glows
Upon the light three-dollar russet shoe
A moment, then takes flight without
ado.

This is the time the poet's fancy swells.
Each bursting bud 's to him a tender
hope;
He lifts his voice in homage when he
knells
The spot-cash pæan of some lilac soap,
Which he asserts is like the purple bells
That scatter incense on the mossy
slope,
Along the way when breaks the balmy
morn,
While the shad vender blows his myrtled
horn.

The blush rose at the window still dis-
ports
And dips with dreamy joy into the
breeze,

And now the taurine quadruped cavorts,
 Ringing his bell beneath the apple
 trees.

The vender all his strawberries assorts,
 Like sparkling gems plucked from the
 Indian seas,
 According to their size—the big ones
 loom
 On top — For at the top there 's always
 room.

Myrtilla, with her arms as snowy white
 As moon-kissed lilies swings the gar-
 den rake,
 Where colocynths and tulips shining
 bright
 Sweet dreams of beauty in her bosom
 wake.
 The yellow dog, be-flagoned, howls in
 fright,
 The cloud ship is reflected in the lake;
 Ho, for blue skies above the lone blue
 hills,
 Likewise blue birds, blue violets, blue
 pills!

The grim mosquito grinds his cimeter,
Preparing for the summer's golden
feast—

The golden feast beneath the silver star,
When man's from all his gnawing
care's released —

Till Phœbus gliding in her blazing car,
Effulgent, of a sudden, paints the East,
His frou frou will be heard throughout
the land,

While he eludes the ill-aimed hostile hand.

The earth is now a smiling lotus land,
It is an island in a sapphire sea,
Where the treed monkey smiling blithe
and bland,

Hurls down the un milked cocoanut to
me.

The organ grinder by chaste zephyrs
fanned

Grinds "Gentle Spring." No sense of
humor he

Can boast as he unleashes all agape,
The stocky, bilious, mercenary ape.

The happy gull about the heavens reels,
 And bobs upon the bosom of the sea,
 From the wishbone the porous plaster
 peels

Of him, who 's held it seven moons in
 fee.

The pessimist in joy kicks up his heels,
 And quite forgets in his unbounded
 glee,

To moan and groan of his unhappy lot:
 "Alas, alack, Bismillah scat, god-wot!"

BALLADE OF TRIUMPHANT TIME.

Oh, time is ever upon the wing,
It flies like a gull o'er the shining sea;
It gathers the white bloom of the spring,
And the immature apple upon the tree;
It gathers all matter from A to Z —
From the trouser's seat to the lamb of
May:
Oh, time is fleeting in ruthless glee—
To-morrow, to-day will be yesterday.

Where is last summer's engagement
ring?
Where is last Summer itself, and she?
Mosquito, mosquito, where is thy sting,
New Jersey, oh where is thy victo-
ree?

The plumber must crumble, ah me,
ah me!

Like the snow he must fade from the
earth away;

No purse can imprison the green-
winged V:

To-morrow, to-day will be yesterday.

Not long to the skull can the front hair,
cling—

The reaper is swinging his scythe care-
free,

One day doth the bird in the garden sing,

Then akimbo on Annabel's hat is he;

To time all subjects must bend the
knee;

All beauty must dwindle in slow decay;

All flesh is grass and some grass is tea:

To-morrow, to-day will be yesterday.

ENVOI.

Prince, even the Presidential Bee,

A frost benumbs in the sunny ray;

Our idols fall and our shekels flee —

To-morrow, to-day will be yesterday.

IMITATIONS.

MORNING.

[CALVERLY.]

Now the lily on the lake
Glads the vision of the drake,
And the golden batter cake
 Gilds the table;
Now the soft shell crab is spied
On the platter, richly fried,
And I see the swallow glide
 Round the stable.

Now the zephyr lightly blows
All the dewdrops off the rose,
And the Shanghai loudly crows,
 On his mettle;
And the goat in joyous state
Makes the saucer and the plate
And the hat assimilate
 With the kettle.

Like a sailor down the mast,
For the dining room at last
I will hurry just as fast
 As I 'm able;
And my joy will be complete,
When I land in visions sweet,
So to speak, upon my feet
 At the table.

HOLLYHOCKS.

[CALVERLY.]

In the garden's fragrant way,
Through the drowsy Summer day
Which the robin's merry lay
 Ripples through,
They adorn the flower-bed
With their blooms, which, be it said,
Glow in tones of dainty red,
 White and blue.

Oft the booming bumble-bee
With his customary glee
On the noonday's golden sea
 Gayly rocks.
And, according to his whim,
Lights serenely, or with vim,
On the petals of the prim
 Hollyhocks.

In the sun they gayly nod,
While their shadows on the sod
Dance, as if with music shod,
Zephyr-blown.

For, of course, they cannot hear
In their joy, the locust near
Rattling madly on his queer
Xylophone.

In their vanity supreme,
While in gems of dew they gleam,
They perchance unto this dream
Fondly cling:
That they 're fairer than the white
Roses climbing with delight
In the day and in the night
Up a string.

So its natural that they
Should be happy all the day—
Sweet Sultanas blithe and gay,
Rare and tall.
Soon they 'll flutter here and there
To the realm of elsewhere,
From the garden o'er the fair
Garden wall.

THE FRUIT PEDDLER.

[CALVERLY.]

He is from all care a fleet
Fugitive,
Who for any throne his seat
Would n't give.
In the rattle of the cable,
There he smiles as at the table,
Selling peaches to enable
Him to live.

In the weather, cool or hot,
Wet or dry,
How he from the apricot
Flicks the fly.
While he eloquently screeches
All the virtues of the peaches
Which he fervently beseeches
You to buy.

Oh, a song of Tusca-nee,
Oft he chants
In enthusiastic glee,
Then he rants.
And his blood begins to tingle,
While he grabs at his surcingle,
For suspenders never mingle
With his "pants."

Oh, he smokes his cigarette
In the hum
Of the bustle, and no fret
Seems to come
O'er his soul with rapture seething,
While a smile his face is wreathing,
And to polish it he 's breathing
On the plum.

Now he 's vision-thrilled, I know,
Through and through,
From his ear-rings to the toe
Of his shoe.
So I 'll leave him grim and greasy,
To his dreams so light and breezy,
Nor disturb him with an easy
Howdy-do!

TO A VIRTUOUS VENDER.

[CALVERLY.]

Patiently and hard thou ploddest,
Through the long and sultry day,
With thy stock-in-trade so modest
Resting on a humble tray.

On the corner calm thou standest,
In the shower-driven mud,
Casting smiles the sweetest, blandest,
On the two-cent collar stud.

There thou art, in clothing shoddy,
All thy bosom full of song,
With thy salver to thy body
Fastened with a leathern thong.

When the weary cit thou sightest,
Seeking his abode of rest,
Then thou bowest, with politest
Invitations to invest.

E'er thine oculars out-twinkle
 All thy meretricious gems,
 E'en when water wagons sprinkle
 Thy misshapen trousered stems.

E'er thou seemest bright and happy
 As the orioles that wing
 Swiftly round the maple sappy
 In the moving days of Spring.

Often have I seen thee standing
 With a rapture wildly strange,
 Selling horse-shoe pins, and handing
 Customers the proper change.

I have seen warm visions wreathing
 Round that countenance of thine,
 While upon thy trinkets breathing
 To excite a selling shine.

I have seen thee many, many
 Moments pause, and, thoughtful scan
 All the fleeting show, like any
 Gentlemanly clergyman.

When at night thou softly foldest
 Up thine enterprise and cares —
 Then thou flyest in thy boldest
 Style up seven flights of stairs.

Where, serenely in thy rocker,
 Soon thou'rt rocking to and fro,
 Reading Tennyson and Locker —
 Dreaming of the long ago;

When the days were bright and sunny,
 And thy cheek was like a rose,
 And financial milk and honey
 Drowned life's ordinary woes;

When with bosom love-elated,
 Down the pathway like a shot,
 Thou didst sally saturated
 With a wealth of bergamot;

In a manner light and airy,
 In thy kids and coat of blue,
 To the residence of Mary
 Dusenbury Montague.

156 TO A VIRTUOUS VENDER.

How she eyed thy whiskers sandy,
While she touched them with her glove!
How thy packages of candy
In her mouth she deigned to shove!

How, while Summer winds were blowing
Flower-petals in the brake,
Thou wouldst crack thy spinal, rowing
Her upon the moonlit lake!

All these facts excite my pity —
Make me shed a tearful flood —
Knowing thou must roam the city,
Vending pin and collar-stud.

But we all have our romances,
Pop to damosels with stealth;
Tell their sires, with coolest glances,
Falsehoods of our golden wealth.

And, who knows, thou fate, that carvest
Rudely all our visions sweet,
May not we, in lifetime's harvest,
Stand upon the noisy street?

In the day-time hot and dusty,
In straw hat and ulster drest,
Yelling in a manner lusty,
With a tray upon our chest?

While before us beauty's daughter
Passes like a shooting star:
"Nobby horseshoe pins — a quarter
Of a dollar—here you are!"

TO — AT CAMPOBELLO.

[CALVERLY]

When the morning bright and rosy
Trembles on the purple sea,
And the marigold and posy
Wake the butterfly and bee;
When the lilac mist is shifting
Softly o'er the dimpled swell,
And the humming bird is drifting
Round the dainty flower bell,

When the zephyr glides serenely
O'er the white-capped ocean bar,
And the dewdrop on the queenly
Lily glistens like a star;
Then, oh pearl of my devotion,
Little blue-eyed fairy, Rose,
Prithee do n't forget the lotion
For the freckles on your nose.

A DOG DAY JINGLE.

[CALVERLY.]

Like a leaf before the gale,
Flies the doggie with a wail —
Tied upon his shrivelled tail
 Flaps a flagon.
And the “catcher” runs elate
At a very lively gait,
For the doggie will not wait
 For the wagon.

Down the dusty thoroughfare
Flies he swiftly as the hare:
While he circles here and there
 Like the sparrow.
With this thought the doggie’s filled,
That his bark will soon be stilled,
And he’s naturally chilled
 To the marrow.

Oh, the "catcher" clears the ground,
While before him lopes the hound
With the light and airy bound
He inherits.

O'er the plaza's stormy bed
Fly the man and quadruped —
Each one flying, be it said,
On his merits.

Through the alleyway and out,
While the gamins gayly shout;
Madly puffs and pants the stout,
Clumsy fellow.

Then he throws the airy line
In a manner fit to shine,
O'er the head of the canine
Sere and yellow.

In the wagon he is met
By the dogs of every set;
Scrawny cur and pampered pet
In a collar.

Maiden never on him beamed,
He 's a mongrel unesteemed,
That will never be redeemed
For a dollar.

He 's without a ray of hope —
They 'll convert him into soap,
Primed with pansy, heliotrope,
 Rose, or dahlia.

And he 's also much afraid
Into buttons he 'll be made
And the sausage meat purveyed
 In Westphalia.

Never more he 'll for the rat,
That is over-fed and fat,
With his bosom pit-a-pat
 Strike a bee line.

And he 'll ne'er with joy intense,
Through the alleyway, and thence
O'er the tubs and up the fence
 Chase the feline.

For the cruel hand of fate
Soon will drown him in the crate —
Oh, his green eyes will dilate
 While he prances!
That he 'll terror-stricken be,
When he finds he cannot flee,
Will be natural under the
 Circumstances.

“ Now, how long, O Lord, how long? ”

Is the vagrant doggie's song,

While he chafes beneath the wrong

Fate devises.

And the “catcher” says, “ The fun,

Little doggie, won't be done

While old Sirius with the sun

Sets and rises.”

A DREAM.

[LOCKER.]

Now I linger in a dream
By a lisping woodland stream
 In a dell,
And again we romp and play
In the meads in merry May,
 Isabel.

Roses red your features crest,
In the east or in the west —
 South or north;
There is naught so gay and sweet,
So enchanting and petite,
 &c.

As yourself, for it 's as true
As your loving eyes are blue —
 You 're divine.

As when playing on the green
With the lamb in May, 18 —

59.

Oh, you feed the sparrows still,
As they twitter at the sill
And the pump;
And the birds their singing stop
When you pass them with a hop,
Skip and jump.

Blossoms bright your ringlets deck,
And around your dimpled neck
White as snow,
Still a ribbon blows and plays
As it did in happy days,
Long ago.

Now the vision quickly breaks,
While the rosy zephyr wakes
Wren and jay;
And I rise without a sigh,
And meander down to my
Déjeuner.

THE SUN.

[STEVENSON.]

It rises over yonder hill,
A flaming golden ball,
It creeps across the window sill
And dances on the wall.

It gilds the cloudlet's fleecy wing,
It draws the purple sea,
Spills blossoms in the lap of Spring
And wakes the belted bee.

I see it now its tresses shake
'Way down the west, and know
It flies to China-land to make
The sweet tea-roses blow.

THE SLEEPY DAY.

[STEVENSON.]

The day is growing dull and sleepy,
While twilight's tide about it flows;
Among the misty hosts of shadows
It's nodding to repose.

I see the white star softly rising
In sparkling beauty overhead —
The kind old nursie with the candle
To light the day to bed.

MY SHIP.

[STEVENSON.]

My pony is the pleasant ship
On which I sail care-free,
Where daisies, like foam-blossoms, dip
Into the green-grass sea.

The fresh breeze is my riding whip;
Grasshoppers big and gray,
Are flying fish about my ship,
Whose cargo 's oats and hay.

A jagged reef that bodes no good 's
That stone wall over there;
Great icebergs are those white dogwoods,
That sheep 's a polar bear.

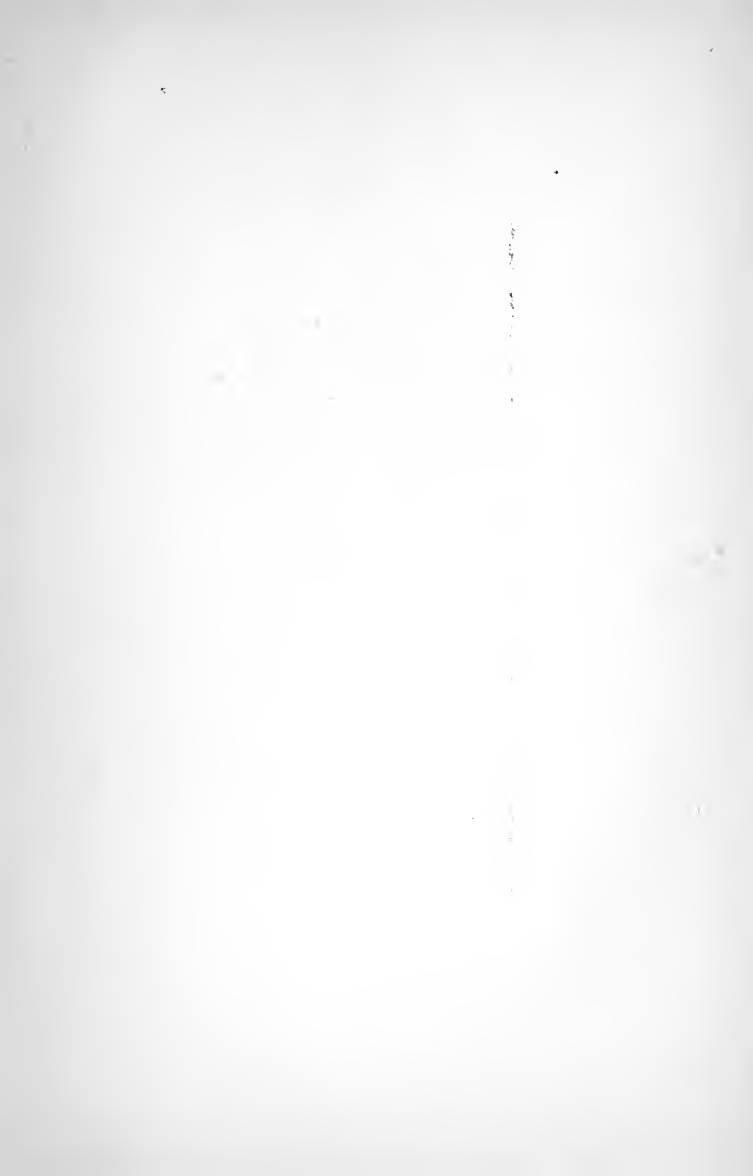
That black rock is a whale asleep
Above rich coral caves,

Those butterflies are gulls that sweep
Above the clover waves.

I see my wharf — the shaky stile —
To hurry there I think;
Beside this rill I 'll stop awhile
To give the ship a drink.

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